

**THE PARISIAN**  
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FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1916

The Parisian does not give complimentary subscriptions with political announcements.

**Democratic Nominees**  
For United States Senate  
**KENNETH D. McKELLAR**  
For County Judge  
**D. T. SPAULDING**  
For Sheriff  
**T. M. HAGLER**  
For Trustee  
**D. L. JACKSON**  
For Tax Assessor  
**J. SAM CULPEPPER**

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

**FOR STATE SENATOR**  
WELDON.—We are authorized to announce W. E. Weldon as a candidate for State senator to represent the district composed of Carroll and Henry counties, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

**FOR REPRESENTATIVE**  
BROWNING.—We are authorized to announce Thomas J. Browning as a candidate for representative from Henry county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

**LYON.**—We are authorized to announce Esq. R. W. Lyon as a candidate for representative from Henry county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

**TERRY.**—We are authorized to announce R. M. Terry as a candidate to represent Henry county in the 60th General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, subject to the voters at the Democratic Primary August 3rd 1916.

**FOR FLOATER**  
WHITLOCK.—We are authorized to announce T. H. Whitlock as a candidate to represent the floridal district composed of Henry, Carroll and Weakley counties. Subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Paris needs a park.  
B-o-n-d-s spells progress.  
Preparation will prevent future wars.

Better roads mean better schools.  
The dust and the flies are still with us.

Dust, dust everywhere and not a drop of oil.

A park would help to solve the vacation problem.

How much longer must we bear with the dust?

Dust is a carrier of disease, while smoke is the trade mark of prosperity.

Some people will kick on smoke and then do nothing to allay the disease-laden dust.

If whiskers denote statesmanship Carranza and Jim Ham Lewis are "round here."

What has become the Y. M. C. A. advocates who did much talking following the Culpepper meeting?

The Chattanooga News is still disputing the Commoner's claim that it is the official organ of the peace-at-any-price trust.

Although not a delegate, Mr. Bryan will go to St. Louis as a newspaper correspondent. The soda fountains have put in rush orders for grape juice.

## Shelby Contestants Thrown Out

In convention at Nashville last week the Democrats of Tennessee repudiated the contesting delegation from Shelby county, after the state committee and the credentials committee had voted against them, and seated the regular Democratic delegates headed by former Mayor E. H. Crump.

The convention refused to hear C. P. J. Mooney, editor of the Commercial-Appeal, speak in favor of the contestants. He was hooted and jeered from every section of the convention hall until forced to take his seat.

Doubtless the convention, recognizing in Mr. Mooney a good speaker and knowing him only as the editor of the Commercial-Appeal, would have heard him upon any other subject, but when he arose as sponsor for a crowd of political down-and-outs, ex-job holders, gamblers and crooks he was not allowed to speak.

The delegation carried to Nashville by the Mooney-Fitzhugh-Harrison crowd was a disgrace, not only to Shelby county, but to the state. With the exception of a few of the leaders, there was not a respectable man on the delegation.

One Griffin, convicted of stuffing a ballot box in the recent Senatorial primary and given a sentence of 11 months and 29 days and who is now out on bond pending an appeal, carried a banner for the so-called law enforcement, "Shelby-for-Rye" delegation, we are informed. Three former Hardeman county men were on the delegation. All three had been indicted for bootlegging.

The convention was determined that the regular delegation from Shelby should be seated. The state committee, by a vote of 17 to 1, favored the seating of the regulars. The credentials committee unanimously voted the same way, and the convention had exactly the same feeling about the matter.

It is well that the regular, or Crump, delegation from Shelby county was seated. The contestants could make no claim to regularity. Their only contention was that they were against Crump and that their convention had endorsed the ouster law, etc., and they expected to be seated because of that fact.

The Shelby contestants were thrown out; Mr. Crump has won a just and signal victory over those who have persecuted him for months, and the Democracy of Tennessee is still Democratic, to a certain extent anyway.

#### VACATION

The bow that's always bent will quickly break;  
But if unstrung 'twill serve you at your need.  
So let the mind some relaxation take  
To come back to its task with fresher heed.

—Phaeorus.

School is out. The boys and girls are again at liberty for a few months. After spending the autumn, winter and spring in study hall and recitation room, students may now go fishing, joyriding, or just loaf.

Nine hundred and nine-nine students out of every thousand are glad that vacation is here at last. The boy who does not look forward to vacation with anticipation, counting the days intervening, has very little red blood in his veins. There is something radically wrong with such a boy—if there be any such. The same is true, although probably not of quite so large a percent, of girls.

However, vacation is always a problem. What are the boys and girls, just out of school, going to do during vacation? After nine or ten months of school work they should not be required to spend their vacation laboring either with head or hands, and loafing is not good for anybody, especially young people.

This vacation problem confronts us year after year, has been handed down from generation to generation, but has never been solved.

To the boys and girls just out of school and to the parents of these boys and girls we suggest that vacation be spent in reading some good books, with plenty of physical exercise, much time in the open air and with a fishing trip and camping expedition thrown in, occasionally. If this program should be carried out, the boys and girls will be ready to reenter school this fall and will be able to accomplish something when they do so.

#### PULL FOR A PARK

Two weeks ago The Parisian pointed out the need for a park in Paris, and elsewhere in this issue we carry a news story in regard thereto. Since we first declared for a park numbers of local citizens, business and professional men, and taken occasion to endorse the plan, thus showing their interest in the matter.

Every progressive citizen of Paris should be behind the park movement. Paris needs nothing worse than a park, with seats and electric lights. Any plan that will give Paris a park is a good plan.

Those who are interested in the welfare of Paris, especially those interested in the welfare of the young people, should boost the park movement. Boosting and co-operation will get a park. Get into action.

#### THE TOWN CLOCK

Last week we had something to say about Huntingdon's town clock being out of order. We now wish to retract our statement in regard thereto. Our own blooming town clock has been out of order for several days. The durned thing would have you believe that it is 1 o'clock all the time. If they've succeeded in regulating the clock at Huntingdon, here's hoping they will let us have the prescription.

A merchant asked us when the oil-the-streets movement would start. Durned if we know.

At the proper time those who were implicated in the attempt to steal the nomination from Enloe while the convention was voting for a candidate for railroad commissioner will be made known, and they must answer when they ask for a place on the pay roll of the state.—Nashville Banner.

"The platform of the party favors the enforcement of all laws, particularly the temperance and oyster laws," says an exchange. Why the discrimination?

When told that he had only a few days to live a Breathitt county, Ky., feudist rushed out of the hospital, secured a shotgun and killed his worst enemy, after which he was probably ready to die.

Mr. Bryan announces that he will not go to the St. Louis convention as an alternate delegate. He will go as a correspondent at \$1,000 a day.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

That even beats the Chautauquas.

Mr. Mooney has found more success in journalism than in politics.

#### Senator Culpepper Discusses National Prohibition

(By Lewis B. Ely, in the St. Louis Post Dispatch.)

Says the Third Senator from Missouri:

"We in Congress are being bombarded with petitions from every congressional district in the United States demanding that we down the effort to amend the constitution and make prohibition national.

"I would not even make prohibition local—much less national. I would not either amend the constitution of the United States or amend the constitution of the American workingman by cutting off his beer.

"I am opposed to prohibition of any kind on principle, as a free man in a free country where we ought to have a political right to enjoy our natural rights so long as we don't abuse them or hurt other people. I agree with Jefferson that 'if we are made in some degree for others, yet in a greater degree are we made for ourselves. It were contrary to feeling, and, indeed, ridiculous to suppose that a man has less rights in himself than one of his neighbors, or, indeed, all of them put together. This would be slavery.'

"Last summer my no-account and dissipated hired man, Pevely Sadders, make a remark that illustrates the narrowness of the sumptuary reformers, although Pevely leans the other way. Jim Fullalove rode by on his bald-faced pacing sorrel, bound for home, with a side of meat strung on one side of his saddle and on the other a package of shoes, some ticking, ribbons and a band-box.

" 'Them Fullaloves ain't got no sense,' exclaimed Pevely. Look at Jim Fullalove goin' home with a side o' meat and a lot of gew-gaws for the women folks! I tell you them Fullaloves is wasteful fools—everything they get they put in their stomachs or on their backs, and I'll bet right now Jim Fullalove ain't got one quart of whiskey in his house or a houn' dog on his place!'

" 'Pevely Sadders,' said I, 'you exhibit the narrowness of the bigot and the meanness of the busybody. The next thing you know you will be wanting to reform Jim Fullalove and introducing a bill in the Legislature to make him keep whiskey and hounds whether he likes them or not. You must allow a man to differ with you and your mode of living without branding him a fool or indicting him as a felon,' said I, 'or the country will be about as free and comfortable to live in as the county jail.'

"Nevertheless, Pevely Sadders' remarks set me to wondering how the sumptuary reformers would like it if the other fellows turned the tables on them and gave them a dose of their own medicine."

## RESTAURANT HASH

SERVED BY  
NATHAN D. WHITE

Let the band play "Mr. Crump."

We are for Ed Crump because he's red-headed.

In the main the Democratic platform reads "Anything to get in on."

"The ouster act of 1915 is unnecessary, improper and unfair."—John Wesley Gaines, Jr.

"Any law that deprives a man of the constitutional right of a trial by jury is un-American and unfair."—Hon. James B. Fraizer.

"In my judgement prohibition has worked far more harm than it has good to the social and moral life of the State of Maine"—Lyman Abbott.

"I am not a believer in crowding abstinence down everybody's throat. Prohibition, in my view, should be a matter of local option."—Former Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut.

Many of those who four years ago supported the McAlister local option amendment to the Democratic platform this time voted against the Gaines' minority report. A splendid example of consistency!

#### TIGHTS

Jim Jones sure is a stingy man. The tightest of the tight; He melts the tin off every can And stops his watch at night.

—Pittsburg Post.

That he's a tightwad you'll agree; We speak of Silas Main, Who takes all sacks to grocery To have them filled again.

—Butler (Pa.) Citizen.

The tightest man in all the world Is Jasper Blue, we think; He makes his wife write shorthand So as to save the ink.

—Topeka State Journal

Of all the tight men in the world We have the tightest slob, He tries to make the huckster man Buy back the cornless cob.

—Houston Post

The tightest man we've ever met Is William Henry Laws: Whene'er he goes a "dope" to get, He always saves the straws.

—Birmingham Age Herald.

There is a man in our town, He's tight enough to faint, He will not kiss his little wife, Afraid to hurt the paint.

—Ocean Springs News

#### WHERE?

Where, O where has the young man gone Who graduation clothes put on Some time about the last of May, And owned the world for a single day?

And where is the sweet girl graduate, Who chanted an essay so dread with fate, And started out with a giggling frown To turn the old world upside down?

And where is the scribe with the vaulting will, Who tried "a long-felt want" to fill, And courted shekels and renown With a Minion paper in a Burgeioise town?

And where is last year's candidate Who had things fixed for this year's slate, And carried around, as you'd believe, A couple of counties in his sleeve?

The lad has divided the world up fair, And has but his own eight-billionth share, While the sweet girl grad is a grand surprise,

And conquers the world with well-made pies; And the journalist with the haughty crest Has gone the way of last year's nest.

While the candidate with the deathless gall Is fixing himself for another fall.

So year by year and day by day, The world goes round in the old, old way, And the balloon that's the largest round about

Is the flabbiest rag when the gas goes out.

—E. C. FAIRCLOTH

## \* PARIS \*

Article reproduced from the Trade Outlook, a monthly journal of modern merchandising, published at Louisville.

Paris, the county seat of Henry County, a thriving city of 4,000, is in the great fruit belt of West Tennessee, which supplies the Northern markets with early berries, cantaloupes, apples, cabbages, potatoes and tomatoes, and ships these out by hundreds of carloads.

Paris has a great future as a pottery market. Clay of the finest quality crops out all over the county—ball clay equal to the English clays and especially adapted to the manufacture of high class tableware, art tiling and electrical porcelain ware. There are lower grades, too, that may be successfully utilized. A company at Henry station is mining and shipping the high grade clays. There are good openings here for potteries and there is no reason why Paris should not equal East Liverpool or any point in the United States as a pottery market. Henry county ships out over 2,000 cars of clay annually to potteries in nearly every part of the country.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad repair shops are located at Paris and give employment to 300 or 400 men.

The city owns its water works and electric light plants, whose headquarters are in a handsome little City Hall which accommodates all branches of the city business. All the streets of Paris are graveled and kept in good repair and her broad, shady residence streets would do credit to a much more pretentious place. A \$40,000 court house occupies a conspicuous position on the public square. There are substantial store houses which carry high grade and extensive lines of goods, a fine opera house that will seat 1,000, and the townspeople live in handsome residences in front of which are concrete walks.

As to schools, Paris is an educational center. The Grove High School was built at a cost of \$50,000 and now has 300 pupils, while the free common school has 600 in attendance.

The religious interests of Paris have kept pace with the commercial spirit. Churches abound; two Baptist, two Methodist, one Episcopal, one Christian and one Presbyterian Church.

Tobacco, wheat, all cereals, hay, stock, fruits, and vegetables all do well in Henry County, where the soil is a strong loam overlying a substantial clay subsoil and generous returns are had wherever a farmer cultivates his land carefully. As fine strawberries; tomatoes, cabbage and potatoes are grown here as in the Humboldt district; only in less quantities thus far, as the Henry County farmers are only just awakening to the larger profits of small, well cultivated patches.

"Now, about this insurance I contemplate taking out. Premiums vary."

"Premiums!" chirped his wife. "I want a plush-covered postcard album, John."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Harvin's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him.

John—All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.—Harvard Lampoon.

#### NOTICE

All parties who have claims against, or who are indebted to the estate of John M. Randle, are hereby notified to settle with me at once.

G. H. WYNNS, Admr.  
This May 13th, 1916. 5-19-4t-pd